775. b. 3
a 5879

A LETTER FROM Dr. ROCK,

In Answer to the EPISTLE from a PHYSICIAN at BATH.

Desipere cum desipientibus.
Quicquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli.

LONDON:
Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noster Row*. MDCCXLV.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

A LETTER FROM Dr. *ROCK*

In Anſwer to the EPISTLE from a PHYSICIAN at BATH.

DEAR BROTHER,

YOU might as well have put your Name to the Letter. I immediately ſaw it was you, by the Style; and indeed, no body, that has ever heard you talk, could heſitate a Moment about it. I can truly aſſure you, it gave me full as much Pleaſure, as that Letter you call mine, did you. For beſides, that it is quite a new Thing for ſuch as you and me, to hear ourſelves commended by any body, but ourſelves, I was much rejoiced, for the Sake of our common Fraternity, to ſee you

and me in Print, that is, your Hand and my Name.

It is true, indeed, I have often been in Print before; but then it was only in an Advertiſement; and every body knew, it was of my own putting in, and at my own expence. But now, to ſee myſelf ſo highly celebrated, and that in a ſixpenny Pamphlet, and one that came from *Bath*, whither I hardly believed my Fame had ever reach'd, having never once ſet up a Stage there, and from a Brother Doctor too, *A te, frater, laudato viro*, gave me a Pleaſure, what ſhall I ſay? why, as the Dutcheſs ſaid to a learned Man, upon his aſſuring her there was no Hell, it was charmingly charming.

You ſee I have a little *Latin* as well as you, and am reſolv'd to try whether I can't write as good *Engliſh:* And if our Correſpondence goes on, as I make no doubt but it will, it may in time be as well worth the collecting, as the Letters between ſome of our Brethren, which were publiſh'd about 200 Years ago, as I am inform'd, by the Title of *Epiſtolæ obſcurorum virorum.*

For as to Obſcurity, I defie them to outdo us, to outdo you at leaſt; for as to your Name, few People have heard of it, nor was mine ever heard of at all, but in an Advertiſement. And for the other Sort of Obſcurity,

Obſcurity, you may vie with all the World, ſince even I, your Brother Doctor, and a ſort of ſecond Self, am ſo much puzzled to underſtand you, that I am often forced to take the Good-will for the Meaning.

But as to the Letter, which you take to be mine, dear Brother, between you and me, it was none of my Writing. Not but that I could write as good a one, or a much better, if I would give my mind to it; but hang it, I hate lying, eſpecially when there is nothing to be got by it: You may believe me, it was none of my writing.

The Phyſicians, I know, will be ready enough to believe me; they think none of us can write: But before you and I have done, we ſhall let them ſee, that we can write as well as moſt of them. At preſent, becauſe we are employ'd in making up our Pacquets, while they are writing their Bills, they imagine we don't know how to ſet Pen to Paper. But, pray who is it they write to? Is it not to the Apothecary? And are not we Doctor and Apothecary both in one? Then who, the Devil, would they have us write to?

But, after all, what is writing? Is it not the ſame thing as Talking, only put into black and white? Now let the proudeſt of them all ſet up a Stage, or mount a white Horſe, againſt you or me, and ſee who will

will talk beſt, they, or we: I believe, Brother, we ſhould ſoon ſilence them; and ſurely, the beſt Talkers are, whenever they pleaſe, the beſt Writers.

This plainly appears from your moſt ingenious and elegant Epiſtle. But that you aſcribe to me, is no more to be compar'd to it, than Chalk is to Cheeſe, or the Contents of an Apothecary's Gally-pots, to our ineſtimable Pacquets.

You talk of the *Diction* and *Sentiment* of that Letter. Now, as for Sentiment, all the World knows I never troubled my Head about it, and, I perceive, you have minded it as little.

But *Diction*, Brother, is another Matter; it makes up the firſt, ſecond, and third Part of Oratory. What then is *Diction*? And here, methinks, I find my ſelf as much in my Element, as a Shop-keeper in a Coffee-houſe, a Lawyer's Clerk at a Play, a well dreſt Phyſician at *White's*, or a Broad-bottom Man out of Place. Diction is what no body underſtands ſo well, as you and I. If ever the Univerſities do themſelves the Honour to chooſe me one of their Profeſſors, I ſhall define Diction to be, a liberal and almoſt uninterrupted uſe of ſuch Terms, as make the Vulgar ſtare, and the Learned ſhake their Ears; or, to ſpeak more plainly ſtill, it is a copious, very copious uſe of what the illiterate call hard Words. But let

them

them not miſtake me; I do not mean, here one and there one, not above half a dozen in a Page. No, Brother, they muſt be as *uninterrupted* as your *Influence of Admiration*, there muſt be an *everlaſting Series* of them; they muſt ſtand as cloſe as Spectators at an Execution, or Raiſins in the immortal Plumb-pudding at *Fleet-ditch*, or the Particles of Mercury in our Pills, or the what-not-ic's in your 16th Page.

Diction is the ineſtimable Jewel, the bright Ornament of our Fraternity, as much as Dr. *Sacheverel's* Alderman was once of the City. In point of Diction, our greateſt Enemies will allow, that Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* is not more outdone by Orator *Henely*, nor do the Apothecaries more ſurpaſs the Surgeons, or the Surgeons out go the Phyſicians, than our Fraternity excells them all.

Where then is the Diction of that Letter? The Writer, God help him, has not half the Diction in all his *prolix Epiſtle*, that I put into an Advertiſement of ten Lines. No, Brother, if he would ſtudy Diction, let him read your Letter; he will find more of it there, than he will ever be able to find room for in a Volume in Folio.

But now for a Word or two about Sentiment. And in the firſt Place, how could you poſſibly imagine, that I deſign'd to

you

make a *Hero* of the Perſon you ſpeak of? A ſpecial Hero truly! When more by good luck, or Mother *Stephens*'s Inſtructions, than any thing elſe, he had got rid of a Stone in his Bladder, what does the Fool do, but go and tell all the World, what it was that had cured him? Ah, Brother, would you or I have done ſo?

Again, when he had mended the Medicine, as he pretends, by making it both eaſier to take, and more certain in its Operation, was he grown a jot wiſer than before? At firſt he directed every body to the Soap-boiler for the Soap Lees, and now they are to go to an Apothecary for the *Lixivium*, where they may have it by pints, or quarts; and by taking it in Small-beer, or Ale, may cure themſelves. Is this a Hero for one of us to celebrate?

But though I ſhall never make a Hero of him, yet I am willing to think the Man may have ſome Merit, elſe he could never have ſo many good Friends, nor would thoſe Friends take half the Pains they do, to recommend him for Admittance into our illuſtrious Fraternity. They canvaſs for him ſo ſtrongly, from St. *James*'s down to *Fleetditch*, that, had I not taken an unalterable Reſolution to regard more the Deſerts of the Candidate, than any Sollicitations for him, I could hardly help giving him a Vote.

But

But let us ſee what it is they alledge in his favour. He has, ſay they, one *Arcanum*. One *Arcanum!* Why, one *Arcanum* is as poor a Qualification for one of us, as one Conceit, or one *Shadow of a Conceit*, for one of our Merry-Andrews.

They will plead however, that he, who has at preſent only one *Arcanum*, may in time come to have ten. There is ſomething in this; and if they can fairly prove, he has one *Arcanum*; I don't know but I may vote for him. What is this one *Arcanum?*

The *Arcanum* is his *Lixivium Lithontripticum*. The Name ſounds well, I muſt confeſs; and if I live to bury him, as I hope I ſhall, I may hereafter come to put it upon one of my Vials. But hark ye, Gentlemen, and you, Sir, particularly with the — Wig. Is this really and truly an *Arcanum?* Has your Friend never blabb'd out what is in it? Why — why — Sir, I muſt confeſs — he has — in general — declar'd — that it — conſiſts — but of three Ingredients. And pray, Sir, what are thoſe? Why — they are — let me ſee — Pot-aſh, — Quick-lime, — and fair Water. A very pretty *Arcanum* truly, when every body knows all the Ingredients it is compos'd of. Why, Gentlemen, I have at leaſt fifty *Arcanums*, every one of ineſtimable Value; but if I were to tell you what they are made

of,

of, I am ſure you would ſet as little by them, as you do by Black Cherry Water. And therefore, remember I tell you, his *Lixivium* will be but very ſhort-liv'd, or, at leaſt, he will never get much by it.

But, Sir, though he has told the Ingredients, he has never told the Proportions, nor the manner of preparing the *Lixivium*. A figg's end! Why, Gentlemen, till now, I always thought you had ſome Guts in your Brains. You call us Quacks, but tell the meaneſt Quack of us all, that a Medicine is made up of fair Water and two ſuch and ſuch Ingredients, and where to get a Pint of it; and if in three days time we don't make you up that ſame Medicine, or a better, we'll ne'er deſire you to take it. An *Arcanum* quotha, and tell what its made of!

You can't imagine, Brother, what Trouble I have had with theſe People, and their Sollicitations. But e'en let 'em keep their Friend among themſelves, in his preſent *humble Station*: I ſee no Reaſon for mounting him up upon our Stages, at leaſt till one of our *Andrews* Places become vacant. Poſſibly he may be fit for that, if all you ſay of him be true; but I never heard ſo much before, and, you will pardon me, I can hardly believe it now.

But had this Candidate twenty real *Arcana* inſtead of this one, or rather this one

ſixteenth of an *Arcanum*, yet ſtill I have other Objections, that he muſt get over, before I vote for him.

He is ſhrewdly ſuſpected of writing the Letter you aſcribe to me, and till he clears himſelf, I ſhall hold him reſponſible for the Sentiments therein laid down, and thoſe are ſuch as you and I can never approve of.

One is the high Compliment made to ſome body at the Head of the Profeſſion, no leſs to be ſure than a Preſident of the College, upon his telling the World all he knows. I hope he got all he could by it firſt, elſe he is no Pattern for you and me to follow. If we were no wiſer than he, we could ſoon tell all we know; it lies perhaps in as little compaſs; but mum for that, they ſhall never catch me at telling them ſo much as what my Grandmother told me many Years ago, *That the Fat of lean Meat is good for ſore Eyes.* No, Brother, we ſhall never be ſuch Fools as that: And what occaſion is there for it? Don't we every Day tell Ten Times more than we know?

Ay, but what a fine thing is it in theſe Gentlemen, to look upon themſelves as born, not for themſelves, but for the whole World? *Jeſu, Maria*, did you ever hear ſuch Nonſenſe? You and I know better things; we know, that the whole World,

or the greater Part of it at leaſt, was born for us, and we'll make the moſt of it.

Let us make the moſt of it, I ſay, Brother: let us mind our own Buſineſs, and not trouble our heads about the Judge and his *Lixivium*.

Is it for our Credit, think you, to tell the World, that *we are under an uninterrupted Influence of Admiration, through an everlaſting Series of his Performances of that Kind?* Pray what Kind, Brother? you don't tell us. And, pray, what are theſe Cures? I have heard indeed, that he cured an old Woman once of the Gravel, another of the Jaundice, and, I think, a third of the Dropſy. But what is there in all this? Has not Mother *Stephens* taught him, that Soap is good in thoſe Diſtempers? And is not his *Lixivium* a ſort of liquid Soap? Ah, Brother, you would never make a Wonderment of ſuch a Thing as this, if you had ſeen my Bills about the *Anodyne Green Gum*, and *Stomach Drops*. And yet, even theſe are Trifles, in Compariſon of what I am going to relate by and by.

Again, what have we to do with Criticiſm, and rectifying of *confuſed typographical Jumblings, and monſtrous Blunders of the Preſs?*

What is it to us, whether Mr. What do ye call him, gets the eighth Part of a Farthing, or a whole Farthing, by every Doſe of

of the *Lixivium*? What Buſineſs have we to tell where other Folks Medicines are to be ſold? The Letter though *iſſued*, as you ſay, *for that purpoſe*, never mention'd Mr. *Littlebury*; and you muſt needs go and beſtow half a Crown, to have it *paſted up in all the piſſing Places of your City*, that he ſells the *Lixivium*; and after all your Criticiſms and Rectifications, that he ſells eight Doſes of it for no more than a Farthing Profit. Fie, Brother, was this done like one of us? If you have any more half Crowns to ſpare, be ſo kind as to paſte up ſome of my Medicines. I ſend you an Account of a few of them for that purpoſe.

Imprimis, there is my famous ſympathetical *Family Pill*. Let the Maſter of any Family, or the Miſtreſs if ſhe be Maſter, take one of theſe at Night, going to Bed, and another in the Morning, faſting, and they ſhall not only be well purged themſelves; but the whole Family, Men, Women, and Children, ſhall equally participate of the ſame Benefit.

Theſe, you may imagine, I ſet a good Price upon, and well I may, when ſo many Perſons have the Benefit of one Medicine. There is a great Convenience in this, becauſe moſt Children, and many Servants, are very bad at taking Phyſick, and in this way they may have all the Advantage of it, without the trouble of ſwallowing, either that,

or Water-gruel after it. But these I design to be taken chiefly at Spring and Fall, at which time it was the Wisdom of our Ancestors, it is great pity that laudable Custom is now so much neglected, to oblige all manner of Persons to take Physic.

When this Pill has been taken at other Seasons, I must ingenuously own, I have had many Complaints of it.

For Instance, when a fine Lady has been to go to a Rout, or to a Ridotto, what does the ill-natur'd Husband do, but take my Pills very privately, and then, poor Soul, she dares not venture out of Doors; and if she did, can have neither Coachman, nor Footman to attend her.

On the other Hand, when a Matter of the utmost Consequence was to come on in either House of P——t, those who had in vain attempted to corrupt the Husband, have found means to bribe the Wife, who by this means has been able to keep him at Home, in spite of all Sollicitations and Messages to fetch him out.

But the greatest Inconvenience in these Pills is, that they work upon Children equally with the Father and Mother, which their tender Ages can hardly bear. For as to Servants being forced to leave their Places, when the Master or Mistress has occasion to purge frequenty, I apprehend there is no great Matter in that; they can

easily

eaſily get another; and this is ſome Advantage to my Friends at the Offices of Intelligence, who, out of Gratitude, take care to recommend me. However, as I am deſirous to obviate all Inconveniences as much as poſſible, theſe Complaints have induced me to invent,

Secondly, my *intentional purging Pills*; which Name I give them, becauſe their effect depends principally upon rectifying the Intention of the Perſon who takes them. The Hint of this was originally taken from the *Jeſuits*, though I have turn'd it to a much more innocent Uſe. Thoſe good Fathers tell us, that we may kill a Man without the leaſt Sin in the World, provided we take due care to rectify our Intention. For Inſtance, a Man has done me an Injury, and God forbid I ſhould hurt him; but I have a Fancy to run my Sword thro' the Breaſt of his Coat, and to ſhew I am in Charity with him, I will pay the Taylor for Fine-drawing. Is there any Sin in ſuch an Intention? But unluckily, the Man has this Coat on, and in paſſing my Sword thro' the Coat, I unfortunately run him thro' the Body. Now am I to be blam'd for this? The Vulgar indeed call it Murder. But thoſe learned Caſuiſts ſay, No; for my Intention was to pierce the Coat, I had no Intention to kill the Man. But this, as I ſaid before, gave me the hint only, my Pills

are

are not attended with any ſuch tragical Events.

The Perſon who takes them, need only ſay to himſelf, it is my Intention, that theſe Pills ſhould purge my Wife as much as they do me, my Boy *Jack* half as much as they do me, my Daughter *Molly* once leſs than *Jack*, that liquoriſh Huſſey *Nan*, that ſteals half the Sweet-meats, and eats half the Fruit in the Garden, Ten Times as much as they do me, and that Raſcal *Tom* that is perpetually at the Ale-houſe, Twenty Times as much as they do me, for Five Days ſucceſſively.

Upon this, the wiſh'd for Event infallibly follows: The Man cures himſelf, his Wife and Children, and if *Nan* and *Tom* are not mended by this Operation, or by a ſecond a few Days after, the Devil's in them, at leaſt, no body can ſay but they are well purged.

Now what a Convenience may this be in many Families, where Huſband, or Wife, happens to get a Diſtemper, and gives it to the other? What a Fracas might this make, without my Pill! But by means of that, all is kept quiet; the Party that gave the Wound, like the Spear of *Achilles*, gives the Cure likewiſe, and this without the others knowing any thing of the Matter. Another great Convenience of theſe Pills

might

might be, that, as many People of Faſhion don't care for the Trouble of taking their Phyſic themſelves, they might be ſwallowed by a Valet de Chambre, or a Lady's Woman. But as moſt of theſe are Natives of *France*, I cannot adviſe our Nobility and Gentry to repoſe too much Confidence in them, during the preſent War. For who knows, how they would rectify their Intentions? And to truſt an Affair of ſo much Delicacy, to a blundering *Engliſh* Servant, is what, I know, they will never come into. But the effect of this, as well as the former, is confined to ſuch Perſons only, as live under the ſame Roof, whereas the next extends to all, that at any time enter under it.

My third Pill, which from the principal Intention of it, I call my *Creditorifuge Pill*, was invented ſome Years ago, at the requeſt of a noble Perſon, who could enjoy no reſt in his own Houſe, for a Sort of importunate and troubleſome People, that were every Day at his Levee.

This Compoſition coſt me at leaſt three Months ſtudy, by Candle light, (my Days you know are otherways employ'd) before I could *bring it to the vertical Point of Perfection.* When I had finiſh'd it, I waited upon his Lordſhip with a ſmall Box of half a dozen Pills, (not thinking it proper to be his Creditor for a greater Number) gave him

full

full Directions how to uſe them, and acquainted him with the Event he might expect.

I need not tell you *the Exultation that diffuſed itſelf thro' his whole Mechaniſm*, he made me an infinite number of Compliments, and aſſured me he would reward me like a Prince. I made a low Bow, and took my leave.

The next Morning, being inform'd, that a great Number of thoſe People attended below, he gave Orders they ſhould all be admitted to come up. But in the mean while ſteps to his Cloſet, whips down two of my Pills, rectifying his Intention at the ſame time, and wiſhing that whatever effect they had upon himſelf, they might work forty Times as much, for three Days together, upon every Man that came into the Room, beginning within five Minutes after they entered within the Door. Preſently after, up came the Gentlemen, follow'd by his Lordſhip's Steward, who could not poſſibly conceive what was the Intention of admitting them all at once. My Lord accoſts them one after another, with the utmoſt Civility, was exceedingly glad to ſee them, greatly concern'd they had had the Trouble of coming ſo often, but now they ſhould all be ſatisfied; orders them every one a Diſh of Chocolate, and then bids his Steward take all their Bills and diſ-

charge them. The Steward ſtares, knowing there was no Money in the Houſe. My Lord frowns, and commands him to take them immediately, for he could not bear to give ſo many honeſt Gentlemen any farther Trouble. The Steward obeys, takes the firſt Man's Bill, and while he is looking it over, my Lord has occaſion to retire into his Cloſet, and before the Bill is half read through, the Owner begs Mr. Steward's Pardon, he muſt ſtep down for a Minute, and will wait upon him preſently. Down he goes, and is inſtantly follow'd by the ſecond, third and fourth Man, and by every one of the reſt, ſucceſſively, ſo punctual are my Pills, in the ſame order they entred the Room, and were follow'd by the Steward, as much in haſte as any of the reſt. How they got Home the Lord knows, but none of them could ſtir out of Doors under a Fort-night, in ſpite of all the *Diaſcordium* their Apothecaries, or the College Doctors could give them.

It was ſome time, before they were able to wait upon his Lordſhip again. When they did, they were receiv'd with juſt the ſame Civility, only, having compared Notes together, before they were ſent for up, they every one begg'd to be excus'd from drinking any Chocolate: But notwithſtanding this Precaution, they came off no better than before. Only, this time, his Lordſhip had

Thought of excepting his Steward, who, otherwiſe, had infallibly been paid all his Arrears at once, being an old Man, and having had a very narrow eſcape the laſt time.

After one, or two more ſuch Receptions, they concluded the Devil muſt be in that Houſe; they had neither eat, nor drunk in it, and yet were put in danger of their Lives, every time they went there. This made them dread it as much, as a Country Maid Servant would a haunted Houſe, or a Soldier, that has been once blown up, does the Mines at *Tournay*. And by this Means that noble Lord, at preſent, enjoys great Eaſe and Quiet.

One thing, indeed, happen'd very unfortunately. Upon one of the Days, that the Creditors were thus entertain'd, about a dozen Members, of the Country Party, had agreed to meet at his Lordſhips about a Motion, I think it was, that was to be made that Day in the Houſe of C———s, and my Lord had unluckily forgot to except them, when he rectified his Intention. The Conſequence was, thoſe poor Gentlemen were in a moſt woeful Pickle, none of them could get to the Houſe for ten Days; the Motion was knock'd on the Head, their Friends cried out they were betray'd, and Matters could not be made up for a long time,

time, till at laſt his Lordſhip was forced to let them into the Secret.

But as few Secrets are long kept, this Accident by Degrees got abroad, and afterwards gave occaſion to that curious Frontiſpiece, in which the Broad-Bottoms are ſo ingeniouſly repreſented.

However, the next Year they carried their Point by the ſame Means they had loſt it before. One of their Leaders, a notable long-headed Man, who had been melted down by the Operation to leſs than half his uſual Compaſs, borrows two of my Lord's Pills, and on the Day their Point was to be mov'd, getting early into the Houſe, and watching his Opportunity when his own Friends were the Majority, claps the two Pills in his Mouth, ſwallows them in an Inſtant, rectifies his Intention, and wiſhes that all Perſons whatſoever, who from that Moment ſhould enter within the Door, might in three Minutes time undergo the ſame Operation with himſelf, but in ten times a greater Degree. Upon this he immediately makes the Motion, in a very ſhort Speech, the Pill would not admit of a longer, and preſently retires out of the Houſe. This was thought very ſtrange, that he ſhould deſert his own Motion in ſuch a Manner; and as he went out at the Door, ſome People fancied they ſmelt Corruption, but, in reality

the Scent was quite of another kind; he had ſtaid rather too long. Some of his Friends had endeavour'd to detain him by main Force; but, *Ingens telum neceſſitas*, he broke thro' them,

or

Obnixus latis humeris, multoſque ſuorum
Exactos foribus duro in certamine linquit.

For not only a great Number of the Court Party were obliged to leave the Houſe, almoſt as ſoon as they got into it, but many of his own Friends were in the ſame ſad Condition. But no matter, he carried his Point, having, as I obſerved before, a Majority of his Side in the Houſe.

I had almoſt forgot to tell you what befell my ſelf. Never ſure was Artiſt in more Danger *arte perire ſua*. About ten Days after the Delivery of my Pills, I did my ſelf the Honour to wait upon his Lordſhip, to know how he liked them, and whether he had occaſion for any more; or rather, as you may eaſily imagine, to give him an Opportunity of beſtowing upon me the noble Reward, he had given me Reaſon to expect.

Now, as the Devil would have it, this happen'd on one of thoſe Days, that he regaled his Creditors; and (a plague of his princely Reward!) I had not time to hear out half his Compliments, before I was under a neceſſity of taking my leave with the utmoſt Precipitation.

I got

I got home as well as I could, making many ſtops by the way, the firſt in his Lordſhip's Court-yard; and if I had not been a much better Doctor, than any of thoſe that call themſelves the College, I had infallibly died. As it was, I was not able to beſtride old *Whiteſides* under three Weeks. All the World wonder'd what was become of me. My Practice ſuffer'd greatly. And what added to the Misfortune, was, that I durſt not tell any body what was the matter. Had I ſaid it was any common Ailment, my *Phyſical Renown* would have ſuffer'd; and to tell the Truth of the Story, would have *laid me open to a thouſand ſiniſter Sneers and Reflections; whole Vollies of unlucky Sarcaſms would have been diſcharged upon me.* Silence, therefore, and Patience, were the only Remedies. But I took a firm Reſolution, never more to enter that execrable Houſe; but, if his Lordſhip had occaſion for any more Pills, as I knew he would very ſhortly, to make him pay very well for them, without ſtirring out of my own Doors. Accordingly, a Day or two after, I had a Meſſage from him. The Pills had been of great uſe, but were now out, and he wanted a few more. My Anſwer was, I was heartily glad they had been of Service to his Lordſhip; that I had no more by me, having been too much indiſpos'd for ſome Days paſt, to be able to prepare

prepare them; that beſides, I unfortunately happen'd to be at preſent a little out of Money, and that the Compoſition was very chargeable, the Ingredients, at firſt Coſt, coming to Twenty Shillings each Pill.

By this his Lordſhip found I ſhould never make a good Creditor; and his Levee encreaſing, and growing more troubleſome every Day, he ſent me a Bank Bill, and I, as in Duty bound, ſent him ſome more Pills, by means of which that important Point was carried, as is above related; and this was attended with the Change that afterwards happen'd. The Secret of this was known to very few; but, you may depend upon it, it was all owing to my Pills.

But, when I found, they had done ſuch great and ſignal Service, as, you know, we Doctors often do more good than we think of, I began to ſet a Value upon them accordingly. They grew worth, not their Weight in Gold, but their Weight in Diamonds, and were very ſparingly iſſued at any rate. Notwithſtanding which, that Party continued to reap great Advantages from them, 'till a falſe Brother having reveal'd the Secret, I was applied to by the Adminiſtration; and being willing, with my worthy Friend and Relation Sir *Francis Wrongbead*, from a younger Branch of whoſe Family I have the Honour to be deſcended, to ſerve my King, as well as to

ſerve

ſerve my Country, I furniſh'd them likewiſe privately with a few of my Pills, for which I was very well paid. And now, both Sides being arm'd with the ſame Weapons, and taking particular Care to except their own Party, when they rectified their Intentions, nine Parts in ten of the Members had no ſooner ſet foot in the Houſe, but they were forced to walk out again in all haſte; and this was the true Reaſon, why ſo many things of great Conſequence paſs'd in ſo thin a Houſe.

Thus for a while things went on glorioufly for me, I was courted and well paid by both Parties, and was undoubtedly, during that time, the greateſt Man, or at leaſt the Man of greateſt Power, of any Subject in *Britain*. And had things gone on thus a little longer, there had been an end of Bribery and Corruption; he muſt have been a Patriot indeed, that would have ſerv'd his Country under ſuch a riſk, and an able-bodied Patriot too, let me tell you, to have ſtood it above one Seſſion, ſo that the Septennial Bill muſt inevitably have been repealed, and my Pill would have had the Honour of reſtoring to the Nation, their ancient and indubitable Right of Annual P——ts.

For except thoſe few, that attended at Prayers, hardly any body was ſafe. No ſooner were thoſe over, and the S——r in the Chair, but the Game began, and it was then

then almoſt as dangerous to enter that Houſe, as to go into a Peſt-houſe.

But at laſt, the Leaders of both Parties ſmelling out how Matters went, and weary of ſo hot a Service, by which they themſelves had ſuffer'd in their turns, as much as any of their Friends, agreed upon a Ceſſation of Arms, which ſoon after terminated in a Peace. But ſee the *emblazoning Gratitude* of theſe People, I was made the only Sacrifice, no kind of Regard being had to my Intereſt, after all the Service I had done them; to one Party eſpecially, who had got into more good Places by my Pills, than all their Oratory had been able to procure them in Twenty Years.

They pretended indeed, that I had been falſe to both Parties, and had ſcour'd them both in their Turns. With ſuch *ſpecious Pretexts and vain Gloſſes* did they ſeek *to varniſh over* their Ingratitude. But I appeal to you. Do not the laudable Helvetic Cantons let out their Troops on both Sides? Have they not done ſo for theſe Two hundred Years laſt paſt? And was it ever thought a Reproach? On the contrary, has it not always been reckon'd an Honour to them, that thoſe Nations, which pique themſelves the moſt upon their Bravery, never thought their Armies complete, without a proper Intermixture of theſe redoubtable Beef-eaters? Have not the *Heſſians*, thoſe invinci-

ble

ble *German Swiſs*, been proud to follow this Example, and did they ever meet with any Diſgrace, till they came to encounter my irreſiſtible Pills. What then would theſe People have? My Pills have always done the utmoſt, that thoſe they were ſold to, either deſired or expected from them, and yet they complain both of them and me.

However, innocent as I was, this Accommodation gave a terrible Blow to my Finances; I bore it for the preſent as well as I could, but ſoon after I met with what I thought a favourable Opportunity of making myſelf amends, at the Expence of thoſe, who had uſed me ſo unworthily.

Having heard that a Great Man, not over gracious with either Party, and loving the greater Part of them as little, was in Danger of being overſet by a Potent Confederacy, I waited upon him privately with a couple of my Pills, taught him how to uſe them, and acquainted him with the Succeſs that would infallibly follow, if he obſerved my Inſtructions. But when the proper Time came, whether he had not taken due Care to remember the Directions I gave him, or thought himſelf wiſer than me, as indeed, they ſay, he values Nobody's Advice but his own, this is certain, he rectified his Intention ſo ill, that he and his Friends were forced to walk out in

all haſt, while his Adverſaries kept their Places.

Being by this means, debarr'd of doing any farther Service in the grand World, I turn'd my Eyes towards the City, and could I have got into the *C——n C——l*, I would ſoon have made as great a Reformation there, as I had deſign'd at the other end of the Town. But alas! *Detraction and Obloquy, the ſure Marks of conſummate Worth*, defeated me here alſo; and as I could have no Opportunity of doing the Thing myſelf, I did not care to give the Honour of it to any Body elſe.

Had you, indeed, dear Brother, been a Member of that Body, I could and would have truſted you with the Management of the Pill, not in the leaſt doubting but the *high Eſteem and Veneration* you *hold me in*, would have obliged you to comply with my Inſtructions in this, as you have always done in every thing elſe.

And here, I cannot but greatly lament, that you had not a few of my Pills in your Poſſeſſion, at the time that the Viſcount and his two Miſtreſſes, were under your Care. What a Fracas was there in your Shop, about taking their Phyſick! You made light of it, it is true, if Mr. *Hogarth* is to be credited: but ſuppoſe now that Maſculine Jade had cut his Lordſhip's Throat with her claſp Knife, and had laid it upon you.

What

What a Caſe would you have been in? I might have appear'd to your Reputation, it is true, but unleſs Judge and Jury had been my Patients, that would have been of no more Service, than the ſinging a Stave or two with you at the Place of Execution. Would it not have been right, to let me into that Affair, as well as to conſult me in the Caſe of all your other Patients. Had you done ſo, I would readily have furniſh'd you with a few of my Pills, which might have been taken either by his Lordſhip himſelf, he being moſt uſed to Phyſick, or by the pretty willing Tit on his left Hand, or laſtly by yourſelf, if you had been well paid for it; and then all that Racket had been prevented.

Having now no longer any vend for theſe Pills at home, I ſent a venture of them abroad by a Gentleman, who went a Volunteer in Prince *Charles*'s Army the laſt Year. But I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that I had now brought their Virtue to extend to the diſtance of two *German* Miles from any Houſe, Tent, or Tree, under which they ſhould be taken. This Gentleman repeated his Pills ſo often, and rectified his Intention ſo well, that he effected that wonderful Evacuation in his *Pr.* M——y, which was ſo ingeniouſly repreſented in a Print laſt Year. This Spring, Prince *Charles*'s Army not being ready to take the

Field, my Friend went a Volunteer with Count *Bathiani* into *Bavaria*, and to him is owing that prodigious Evacuation, that preſently after ſeized the *French*, *Bavarians*, *Heſſians* and *Palatines*, Monſieur *Segur*, and the Elector himſelf, *qui mieux*, *qui mieux*. But ſoon after, finding his Services undervalued, and himſelf ſlighted, he in Reſentment went over to the King of *P——a*, and I am much afraid, that the bad News we have lately had from *Sileſia*, is owing to my Pills.

I ſhould have ſuſpected he had been in *Flanders* likewiſe, but that I thought he could never be ſuch a Dog, as to fight againſt his own Country; and beſides, the Operation there, whatever it was, fell entirely upon the left Wing, without affecting the Right the leaſt in the World, except a very little, at the extremity of it towards the Wood. Now this you know, is directly contrary to the old Obſervation of the difference in Conſtitutions between the *Hollanders* and *Engliſh* in this particular; witneſs that ingenious *Engliſh* Farrier, who became the *Ratcliff* of *Holland* (*Boerhaave* was a Dunce to him) by obſerving the one unerring Rule, of giving the fineſt and tendereſt *Dutch* Lady juſt as much Phyſic, as he uſed here to an *Engliſh* Coach Mare, and increaſing the Proportion for the Gentlemen.

However,

However, to remedy this, I have thoughts of ſending over a Box to Prince *Charles*, and another to our own young Hero in *Flanders*, and have pitch'd upon you, as the fitteſt Man to carry them. Dear Brother, get your Boots liquor'd with all Expedition, and make haſt to Town, if you are not here already. I am going to put into your Hands an Opportunity, which cannot fail of cauſing *the ſound* of your *Fame* and mine, to *go forth with a more than ordinarie egregious Blaſt*, here being *an illuſtrious and intereſting Groupe of Circumſtances, which may not, perhaps, in a Century again concur to the propagating Phyſical Renown in the like complicated and tranſcendent Manner: The Fates, however propitious, could not have work'd up, even for* us *their firſt Favourites of the Faculty, ſuch another delicate Opportunity of diſplaying Medical Science, as this, which ſpontaneouſly offers itſelf*; and what is better ſtill, you have an Opportunity of making your own Fortune and mine for ever. I ſhall take care to have the two Boxes ready for you, with a few ſpare Pills beſides, to be carried either looſe in your Coat-Pocket, or in ſuch a Fob, as Prince *Eugene* uſed to carry his Snuff in; and with theſe, you may brave all Dangers. You carry *Rock* and all his Fortune. For Inſtance, ſuppoſe you

were

were to meet a Party of a hundred *Graffins*, or as many Maroders, you have no more to do, but inſtantly to ſwallow two of my Pills, rectify your Intention, and you ſhall ſee the Raſcals retire with the utmoſt Precipitation under the next Hedge, while you, regarding neither Boots nor Breeches, ride on victoriouſly, to the Army, with a *Veni, vidi, vici.*

But poſſibly, as I know your Nicety in Point of Honour, you may be under ſome Apprehenſion, leſt what is the neceſſary and unavoidable Effect of my Pills, when a Man has not time to ſtop by the Way, ſhould by ſome malicious Sneerer or other, be imputed to your Fears, and therefore would be glad to arrive at the Army in a more cleanly Condition. If ſo, your only Way is to carry over one of your *Bath* Poſt-horſes; and then the nimbleſt *Graffin*, or *French Huſſar*, can never come near you. They are certainly the fleeteſt Things in the World. Elſe, how was it poſſible for your Letter dated from *Bath*, *June* the 5th, to come to my Hands in *London*, that ſame Day, in the Forenoon? If I had not known your extreme Punctuality and Exactneſs, I ſhould have verily believ'd it had been written here in Town.

When you come to the Army, the only Difficulty you can poſſibly meet with, will be the Incredulity of his Royal Highneſs

and

and Count *Koningſeck*. You will have much ado to make them believe, that a ſingle Man with a few Pills, will be of more Service than all their other Reinforcements. And here, Brother, you will ſtand in need of all your Diction. If that ſhould fail you; ſurely it cannot fail you; but if it ſhould, you muſt have recourſe to my Name. Moſt of the Generals and Officers have been my Patients, and that will inſtantly procure you Credit; the Army will paſs the *Scheld* in a trice, and draw up cloſe to the Enemy.

When that deciſive Day comes, you know what you have to do. But here, Dear Brother, I muſt particularly recommend it to you, in the firſt Place, to plant yourſelf at a ſafe diſtance, twice Cannon-ſhot at leaſt from the neareſt of the Enemy. For this you cannot have better Guides, than the Army Surgeons. Thoſe Gentlemen have a ſaying among them, Εἷς ἰητρὸς ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιος ἄλλων, it may be Heathen *Greek* for ought I know, but the *Engliſh* of it is, A good Surgeon ſhould be one of the firſt to run away. For this Reaſon they always plant themſelves upon the Top of a Hill, that they may ſee Danger in time. In this Situation, you muſt, in the firſt Place, ſtop your Ears, and then veil your Head, like another *Decius*, before you devote your ſelf for your Country. Without

Without theſe two Precautions, I ſhould much fear that, upon the firſt Flaſh, or the firſt Report of the Enemy's Cannon, one of your Pills might ſlip the wrong Way, or your Intention would be but very indifferently rectified, which might ſpoil all.

But if you are exact in following theſe Directions, you will, in three Minutes time, ſee the Enemy's whole Army, Horſe and Foot, Generals, Officers, and common Soldiers, in a much worſe Caſe, than the *French* King's own Regiment, after the Battle of *Oudenarde*, when my Lord *John Hay* had made every Man of them cut off three Inches from the Waſtband of his Breeches, or than a Marſhal of *France* ſome Years ago, without any Breeches at all.

And here, Brother, Politeneſs, as well as Prudence, will tell you, that his moſt *Chriſtian* Majeſty, the Dauphin, and the Princes of the Blood, ought by all means to be excepted out of the *Anathema* you pronounce againſt the reſt of the Army. Inſtead of them, ſubſtitute their Horſes, and then, as they muſt of Neceſſity be our Priſoners, they will be in a decent Condition, when they come to be taken. As for the Count *De Saxe*, conſidering how he has uſed the *Engliſh* Priſoners, and what we have heard of his ruſty Iron, and Glaſs Bottles, I know

of

of no buſineſs we have to cure him of his Dropſy, and therefore you may except him too, if you think fit. But whether you do, or no, he can never do any hurt after this. For the *French* will undoubtedly look upon this ſo unheard of a diſcomfiture, as a Judgment from Heaven, for making a Heretic their General.

When you have given this Scouring to the *French* Army, and thereby reliev'd the Citadel of *Tournay*, you muſt, in the next Place, in order to put the *Dutch* in Humour, retake the Barrier Towns they loſt the laſt Year. This you may eaſily do, in leſs time, than their Governors gave them up. They may every one be reduced by Famine, and even without a Blockade. I know very well, they are ſufficiently furniſh'd with Proviſions of all Kinds; but what ſignifies that? It will be in your Power, to cauſe ſo *great a Relaxation of their inteſtinal Canals*, that the Aliments ſhall be diſcharged much faſter than they can ſwallow them. Either they muſt ſurrender in three Days time, or *half the* Garriſon, and the other half too, will *make their Exit by Colliquative Stools*, without waiting for any *lingering Diſtemper*.

Now as I am well apprized of the robuſtneſs of your Conſtitution, which will eaſily enable you *either to bear, or take* the Pills once in three Days, I make no doubt but

you will recover thoſe five Towns, in a Fortnight at the fartheſt; for, I think, two of them lie within two *German* Miles one of the other, and in that caſe the Pill will admit of your forming two Sieges at once.

As the doing this will give you great Credit with the *Dutch*, pray forget not to acquaint them, that if they will ſend over ſome of their Deputies to treat with me, I will put them into a Method of guarding their Barrier, at leſs than a quarter Part of the Expence they have hitherto been at. A vigilant and truſty Governor, with 100 Men for his own Guard, will be ſufficient to defend *Tournay* it ſelf; and beſides this great ſaving upon the Garriſon, they will have no occaſion for Cannon and Ammunition: with my *Medical Artillery* alone, *play'd off by my directing Judgment*, they *may bid abſolute Defiance to the ſtrongeſt Batteries, which can be raiſed againſt it*, or to any Army that can be brought before it. But this, like the Anodyne Necklace, will ſerve but for one Governor only; if he dies, or is remov'd, they muſt purchaſe new.

But to go on with our main Affair, in about two Months more, I reckon we may be Maſters of every thing to the Gates of *Paris*. And as I ſhall inſtantly ſend away two other Packets, one for the *Mediterranean*, and the other for the *Weſt-Indies*, by

by two truſty Sea-Surgeons, the Nation will be effectally provided with what they once pray'd for, A *Rock* to their Fleets and Armies. And when the *French* ſee this, they will undoubtedly ſend us the *Carte Blanche*; and then I hope our Miniſtry will take better care, than was done by ſome of their Predeceſſors, for the effectual Demolition of *Dunkirk*, Fortifications, Town, and Harbour, tho' 20 *Sieurs* — come over to beg the contrary.

After this the K. of *Pr.* muſt ſoon come to reaſonable Terms, or if not, he will find to his coſt, that a *Rock* is *the firmeſt Support of the Houſe of* Auſtria.

This glorious Scheme, which could never have entred, but into a Heart truly *Engliſh*, nor ever been formed, but by a Head like mine, nor ever have been put into that Head, but by a Letter like yours, has ſo wholly engroſs'd my Thoughts, that I had almoſt forgot to ſend you the reſt of my inimitable Arcanums.

Indeed, it is not very material, whether I do it, or no, having now given over all Thoughts of paſting them up in piſſing Places, either at *Bath*, or in *London*. But in order to your more ſteady and firm belief of all the Wonders I have already told you, in this moſt exact and true Relation, I ſhall give you a ſhort Account of thoſe alſo.

Fourthly then, there is my incomparable Philoſophical-Sympathetic Pill. Let the Head of any Family, ſwallow one of theſe, and he ſhall inſtantly commence a firſt-rate Philoſopher; and ſhall from that Moment be qualified to talk, judge, and give his Opinion *de omni ſcibili*. The only previous Qualification for this, is the being born in any of his Majeſty's Kingdoms; for if he cannot ſo much as write *Engliſh*, ſo much the better, and the more for the Honour of my Pill, as you will ſee by what follows.

The Virtue of this Pill, by its admirable ſympathetick Quality, extends itſelf, tho' in a ſomewhat leſs Degree, to all the Relations of the Swallower, as far as the ſeventh Degree incluſive, downwards, upwards, or collaterally, by Blood or Marriage, Males or Females. Only the Philoſophical Portion of the latter, goes always to the Huſband. Which Proviſo, as well as the Limitation of giving it only to the Head of the Family, I put in for the ſake of Decency and due Subordination. For without this Precaution, we might have ſeen a Wife wiſer than her Huſband, a Son than his Father, or the Nephew a far greater Philoſopher than his Uncle, all which Abſurdities are now prevented.

The firſt of theſe was taken by myſelf, as the *Lixivium* was by the Judge, and by Means

Means of that, in a great Measure, I am the Man I am; a great Part of my nobleſt Inventions are owing to its Virtue.

The ſecond I adminiſtered to Sr. *I. N.* He was before a tolerable Philoſopher, but upon taking this, immediately became the greateſt the World had ever ſeen. For having very few Relations, the Virtue of the Pill was thereby the more concentred in him, and this gave him ſomewhat the Advantage over me, who have a pretty many beſides my Children.

But by this, my Pill got little Credit. He had been, as I told you, above ſomewhat of a Philoſopher, before he took it: and blinded by that, the ignorant World looked upon his *glorious Atchievements* as *an inconteſtable Inſtance of the aſtoniſhing Powers of Application, when join'd to admirable native Parts and Capacity.* But what would his Envyers in *Switzerland*, in *Germany*, in *Ireland*, and perhaps ſome nearer Home, what, I ſay, would they have given, to have known this piece of ſecret Hiſtory? It was a right Obſervation of the *Examiner*, that if Queen *Anne* had been pleas'd to honour a Common Soldier with the Commiſſion of Captain General, he would infallibly have gain'd all the ſame Victories with the Duke of *Marlborough*; and might it not with equal Truth be affirmed, that any Cobler, who had ſwallow'd my Pill, muſt have made

made the ſame Diſcoveries, as Sir *I. N?* But I kept his Council.

Piqued however, that my Pill had gain'd ſo little Reputation, while he, by Means of it, had acquired immortal Glory, I reſolv'd never more to beſtow it upon ſuch Men, as Sir *I. N.* or myſelf, and accordingly the next I gave it to, was a very honeſt Gentleman, I muſt confeſs; but one who knew but little more of Philoſophy, than the Horſe I ride on.

And here, the Power of the Pill was viſible to all the World. He became a very little inferior to Sir *I. N.* and had been equal to him, no doubt, but that the Virtue was in ſome Meaſure diffuſed from him to a great Number of Relations. However, to make amends, Philoſophers ſprung up every Day, as thick as *Muſhrooms*, and to this the preſent flouriſhing Condition of the *R. S.* is principally owing.

But here I ſtopp'd my Hand: For I ſaw plainly, that we ſhould be as much overrun with Philoſophers, as we are with Patriots, if I gave any more of theſe Pills, before a hundred or two of this laſt ſwarm, were dead and buried. Beſides, I was not a little provoked at ſome late Regulations of the *R. S.* What had they to do, to require any other Atteſtations in Favour of their Candidates, but that they, or ſome one of their Family, had taken my Pill?

The

The fifth is my Medical Pill. With this I could ſoon create more Doctors, than our three famous *Engliſh* Univerſities of *Newmarket*, *Cambridge*, and *Oxford*, with thoſe of *Dublin*, *Edinburgh*, *Glaſcow*, and *Aberdeen*, *Leyden*, and *Rheims*, *Montpelier* and *Padua*, the Apothecaries and Surgeons Companies, all put together; eſpecially if I were to give it, as I could eaſily do, the ſympathetick Quality of the laſt. But to what Purpoſe? Every Patient has already three Phyſicians, if he can pay for it. And even that won't do; perhaps there is ſtill one, or two more, who are out of Humour, that they are not call'd in, and would quarrel with the reſt, if they were. I have likewiſe a Theological and Cauſidical Pill. But to what Purpoſe is it to create more Divines, or a greater Number of Council? We have already not leſs than five Lawyers to one Client, and above ten Clergymen for each Living. But theſe may ſerve for a Specimen of my Pills. I come next to Powders and Tinctures. The firſt of theſe is my Ophthalmick Powder. It is ſo call'd, not from clearing the Eye-ſight, nor yet from putting it out, as is often the Caſe with other Powders of this Name; but from that notable Effect it has, of producing a certain *Deceptio Viſûs*, and this not in him that uſes it, but in the Spectators.

This

This, though I call it mine, is ſo only by Inheritance. It was the Invention of my dear Father now in Heaven, known formerly by the Title of ſeventh Son, of a ſeventh Son, unborn Doctor.

He, good Man, was always a dutiful Son of the Church of *England*, and about the beginning of the four glorious Years of Queen *Anne*, took it into his Head, as well as many other pious Perſons, that it was a Sin and a Shame, to ſuffer ſo many Conventicles. But the Queſtion was, how to get them demoliſh'd, with ſafety to the Performers. The Miniſtry, it was well known, would not much diſlike the Thing; and yet, in point of Decency, they could hardly avoid hanging one or two of thoſe, who ſhould be ſeen in the Execution; and Nobody had quite Zeal enough to be the Victim.

Now how do you think he got over this Difficulty? When the High-Church Mob were aſſembled, and juſt ready to begin, for Example, with a Quaker's Meeting-houſe, what does he do, but go and plant himſelf quietly among the Spectators? There he gravely pulls out his Snuff-Box, takes a Pinch of this Powder between his Fingers, and ſeeming to ſnuff up a little of it, throws the reſt away. From this, it being perfectly well levigated, a ſubtle, imperceptible Cloud ariſes, which has ſuch an

effect

Binders Note

Tract 3 Imperfect